

From Huntsville it was a small jump to a position in the new Lockheed Georgia Research Center in Marietta, GA, in 1965. He and Ruth bought a one year Georgia driver's license. Why spend five dollars for a five-year license when a one-dollar, one year license would do. Well, forty years later he was still in Georgia.

The mid-life crisis struck at age forty-seven. No red convertible. No fast women. Just an electrical contracting license, a heating and air conditioning license, and a complete change of vocation. Great for the health. Terrible for the finances. Ruth is still upset.

Well, that=s it for the education and work, and I have left scant room for the fun part and the real me. Out of respect for any reader who is still with this, I'll just list some of the fun parts.

Worked on a hydrogen engine at age 16. Good idea. No knowledge.

Assembled many balsa wood airplanes.

Converted a school bus to a motor home before motor homes were on the market.

No category for insurance or tag. Listed as trailer. Tag \$2. Spent weekends at Kerr Lake while in college.

Earned private pilots license.

enjoyed fishing on the Gulf of Mexico. Grandson and granddaughter earned young salt status. (You can=t be an old salt at nine years old.)

Enjoyed fly fishing. Made boat for lake fishing.

Made kitchen cabinets from hickory trees grown in yard.

Enjoyed numerous projects with children and grand children. Recently, with son and grandson, designed and made a hovercraft with four leaf blowers.

Numerous furniture pieces, including slightly warped eating table (perfectly straight tables are plentiful and of little character) with benches, end tables, etc.

Overhauled car engine.

Grew off season tomatoes with much family help. 10,000 sq ft under plastic. Good tomatoes, poor marketing. Expensive hobby.

Enjoyed deer hunting.

Refurbished duplex in Florida for fishing shack.

This could go on for pages, but I will stop here. You get the picture, interested in everything. Or if you like, unfocused.